

The Missionary.

THERE is nothing grander than the vocation of the missionary. The noble young man who gives himself to the apostolate might, instead, live in a civilized country and there win honors and happiness. In the sphere into which he was born he would certainly lead a useful life. But, heeding the voice that speaks to his heart, he bids farewell to his country and dearest friends, leaves his studies and bright illusions, casts aside the splendid ambitions of youth and talent, and turns from a man's natural and worthy ideal of a home of his own and the love of wife and children.

In the wilderness, the missionary is forgotten; the darkness of obscurity encompasses him, he must carry the light in his own soul. For whom has this young apostle abandoned all that he loves? For strange races unknown to him, men living in far distant lands, ignorant and cruel savages who will, perhaps, put him to death, who certainly will never recompense or appreciate his toil.

Not only does the missionary heroically expatriate himself, but he will seldom, it may be never, return, even to visit the home and friends he has left. He has no right, either in his native land or the country of his adoption, to any leisure, any consideration, any fame.

And this life he leads for thirty or forty years, joyfully, or at least with a heart at peace. Daily, from youth to age, he gives himself to the work of the salvation of souls, and well he knows what the souls he has saved have cost him.

The victories of armies, of great commanders, are insignificant compared to the triumphs and conquests of the missionary.

RENE BAZIN.